

IV.

Sing, Rouen, sing the glorious tale
How fell the tyrant 'neath the sword!
For hosts of mail could naught avail
Against the legions of the Lord.
Sing, leaguered Orleans, of the day
She succored thee with heavenly aid,
When triumphed in the bloody fray
The snow-white banner of the Maid!

V.

She bade her country's troubles cease;
She crowned her king at Rheims; then fain
Had found again her childhood's peace
Among the meadows of Lorraine.
From camp and court she fain had gone
Back to the simple shepherd life,
And 'mid her doves and lambs had won
Oblivion of earthly strife.

VI.

But Christ reserved an aureole
For her, more bright than crown of King,
And from the cleansing flame her soul
Unto eternal peace took wing.
From foul aspersion of her foes,
From hatred's tongue, from slander's taint,
Sublimed in martyr death she rose
To deathless glory of the saint.

VII.

To-day we hymn her praise with them,
The laurelled and the glorified,
Who wear the martyr's anadem,
For witness unto God who died.
Sing, sing her fame, O grateful France!
Enshrine her name in golden love,
Who brought to thee deliverance
And from thy shore the tyrant drove!